LANGFORD OF THE THREE BARS

By KATE and VIRGIE D. BOYLES.

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about it with any coherence. I was so sure—so sure.

Gordon was staring moodily out of the window, one arm hanging, idly over the back of his chair. He had taken up office room in an empty shop building across the street from the hotel.

"It's devilish, it's weird," agreed the ranchman, "But your part was great. You vanquished Jesse Black. That is more than we hoped for a week age. Is it your fault or, mine that those food deputies with all those food deputies with a little thing like a broken window pane."

The man, and men were different.

And now she noticed that his head had sunk down onto his arms. How still he sat: The minutes passed away. Still he sat motionless, his face buried. It was dark. The yellow gleam streaming out of the window only served to make the surrounding dark mess denser. The lamp on the table cast a pale circle immediately in flicker of light on the street. Hot this circle there moved a shadow. It into obscurity. Was it something alike, or did the moving of the lamp cause the shadows to thus skip about? But the lamp had not been moved. It burned steadily in the same moved. It burned steadily in the same moved.

him. He refused to bow his head it. Today's check only made him more determined, if that were posto it. Today's check only made him the more determined, if that were possible, to free the land of its shame.

"I'll pull myself together again, never fear," said Gordon. "Just give me tonight. You see that's not all. I've something else to think about, too, now that I have time. It takes a fellow's nerve away to have everything that is worth while drop out at once. But I've rallied before. I know I'm beastly selfish not to talk to you tonight, but—"

"Dick." interrupted Langford, blundly, "did she turn you down?"

"I never asked her. She is going task—home—next week."

not know whether rabbits ever came into the town, but it was likely they did. It might have been one of the strayed cattle wandering about in sprobable supposition of all. Of course it might have been only her imagination. The little pipch of fright engendered of the moving shadow and the cerie hour passed away. Her eves grew pensive again. How still it was! Had Gordon fallen askep? He lay so quietly. Had he grieved himself into slumber as a girl would do? No; men were not like that.

Al! There was the moving shadow again! She caught her breath quick—

Dick. interrupted Langford, biuntly, "did she turn von down?" "I never asked her. She is going back—home—next week."

back—home—next week.

'If you let her.'

'You don't quite understand, Paul.'
said Gordon, a little wearily 'She
said she could never live in this country—never. She would die here. Could
I ask her after that? Could I ask her
anyway, and he a man? I know. She
would just pine away.'

ould just pine away."
"Girls don't pine—only in imaginaon. They are tougher than you give tion. They are tougher than you give "But somehow, Mary seems different," said Gordon, thoughtfully. He surprised a flush in his friend's check."

"You deserve her, old man, you'll be very happy. She is the right kind. I congratulate you with all my heart." An odd lump came into Langford's thront. Despite Gordon's vigorous and bealthful manhood there seemed always a certain pathos of life surrounding limits.

'I haven't asked, either," confessed Paul. But you have made it possible for me to do so-tonight-tomorrow-whenever I can find a chance. Take my advice, old man, don't let your girligo. You'll find she is the kind, after

. You don't know her yet."
Paul left the room, and Gordon paced
a narrow confines of his shabby office-back and forth-many times. Then he threw himself once more into a chair. The hours were long. He had all night to think about things. When morning came all his weakness would be over. No one should ever again see him so numauned as Paul had seen him tonight. And when Louise had been him tonight. go-his arms fell nervelessly table. He remained thus a his eyes fixed and unseeing. nd then his head dropped heavily upon

Alone in the night Louise awoke. She found it impossible to fall asleep again. She was nervous. It must be some-thing in the atmosphere. She tossed thing in the autosphere. She tossed and tossed and flounced and flounced. She counted up to thousands. She made her mind a blank so often that she flew to thinking to escape the emptiness of it. Still her eyes were wide and her mind fairly a quiver with wide and her mind fairly a quiver with activity. She slipped out of bed. She would tire herself into sleep. She even dressed. She would show herself. It she must be a midnight prowler, she would wear the garments people affect when they have their thoughts and energies fixed on matters mundane. Drawing the oil stove close to the window fronting the street, she sank into a chair, drew a heavy shawl over her shoulders, put her feet on the tiny Lender, and prepared to fatigue herself into obliviou.

She looked at bim. It hurt, that look.

'He is dead.' she whispered; 'I am going to him,' and glided away from his detaining hand.

'He hurried after her. Others had

A light shone from the window acrossthe way. He was still at work, then.
He ought not to sit up so late.
No wonder he was looking so worn out
lately. He ought to have some one to
look after him. He never thought of
himself. He never had time. She
would talk to him about keeping such
late hours—if she were not going back
to tied's country next week. Only next
week! It was teo good to be true—
and yet she sighed. But there was no
other way. She was not big enough.
He, too, had told her she was not the
kind. Doubtless he knew. And she
didn't belong to anybody here. She
was glad she was going back to where
she belonged to somebody. She would
never go away again.

was that Gordon passing back and Was that Gordon passing back and forth in front of the window? Something must be troubling him. Was it because Jesse Binck had escaped? But what a glorious vindication of his belief in the man's gailt had that after also been given. Nothing lacked there Why should be be sorry? Sometimes she had thought be might care—that day crossing the river for inthat day crossing the river, for in-stance; but he was so reserved—he never said—and it was much, much better than he did not eare, now that she was going away and would never come back. There was nothing in all

she was going away and would never come back. There was nothing in all Neglected Colds Threaten Life.

'Don't trille with a cold,' is good advice for prudent men and women. It may be vital in the case of a child. Proper food, good ventilation, and dry, warm clothing are the proper safe guards against colds. If they are maintained through the changeable weather of autumn, winter and spring, the chances of a surprise from ordinary cold will be slight. But the ordinary light cold will become severe if neglected, and a well established ripe cold is to the germs of diphtheria what honey is to the bee. The greatest menace to child life at this scasen of him.

No one can come in but Doc, eried Langford through the keyhole. 'Send him quick, somebody, for God's sake! Where's Jim Munson? He'll get him here. Quick, I tell you!'

He hastened back to the side of his friend and passed his hand gently over the right side to find the place whence came that heart-breaking drip. Disappointed in their desire to get in men crowded before the window. Louise stepped sofily forward and whispered to her that Gorgan sheart was still obeating. The doctor rapped loudly, calling to Langford through the keyhole.

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Louise stepped sofily forward and whispered whether it is a child or adult, the cold digit or severe, the very best treating the severe, the very best treating the severe the very best treating the very best treating the severe the very best treating to the v Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is safe and sure. The great popularity and immense sale of this preparation has been attained by its remarkable entes of this ailment. A cold never results in pneumonia when it is given. For sale by all druggiets.

They laid him gently on the floor, took off his coat and cut away the blood scaked shirts. Louise assisted with deft, tender fingers. Presently the heavy lids lifted, the gray eves stared vacantly for a manent—then smiled. Paul bent over him.

"What happened, old man?" the Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is

The Moving Shadow.

"I'd rather not talk about it to high I'm not equal to it. It's too—it's devilish. Paul. I don't seem to be able to grasp it. I can't think about it with any coherence. I was so sure—so sure."

The Moving Shadow.

the world that could make her come back to this big, bleak, lonesome land, where she belonged to nobody. But said and lonely. He didn't belong to anybody, either, yet he wasn't going to run away as she was. Well, but he was a man, and men were different.

retreated, advanced again, glided back into obscurity. Was it something alive, or did the moving of the lamp cause the shadows to thus skip about? But the lamp had not been moved. It burned steadily in the same There was an ugly cut on his fore-head, caused by his violent contact with the sharp edge of the window casing. He was pale, but he had lost none of the old faith in himself or in his power to dominate affairs in the night had trotted within he radius of light. Maybe a cotton tail had hopped into the light for a second. Louise did into the light for a second. Louise did not know whether rabbits ever came

again! She caught her bresth quickly. Then her eyes grew wide and fixed
with terror. This time the shadow did
not slink away again. It came near
the window, crouching. Suddenly it
stood up straight. Merciful Father?
Why is it that a human heine? Why is it that a human being, a creature of reason and judgment, prowling about at unnatural hours, in spires ten-fold more terror to his kind than does a brute in like circumstances of time and place? Louise tried to scream aloud. Her throat was parched. A sudden paralysis held her speechless. It was like a nightmare. She writhed and fought desperately to shake herself free of this dumb horror. The cold damp came out on her fore-The cold damp came out on her fore-bend. Afterward she remembered that she knew the man and that it was this knowledge that had caused her night-mare of horror to be so unspeakably dreadful. Now she was conscious only of the awfulness of not being able to cry out. If she could only awaken Mary! The man lifted his arm. He

something in his hand. Its ter-import broke the spell of her

speechlessness.

'Mary! Mary!''
She thought she shricked. In reality She thought she shricked. In reality she gasped out a broken whisper; but it thrilled so with terror and pleading that Mary was awakened on the instant. She sprang out of bed. As her feet touched the floor a pistol shot rang out. close by. She had been trained to quick action, and superbhealth left no room for cobwebs to linger in the brain when she was suddenly aroused. She had no need for explanations. The shot was enough. If more was needed, there was the more was needed, there was the lighted window across the way, and here was Louise, crouched before their own. Swiftly and silently she seized her revolver from the bureau, glided to the window, and fired three times in rapid succession, the reports mingling with the sound of shattered glass.

"I think I hit him the second time,

Louise,' she said, with a dull cadin.
'I can't be sure.'
She lighted a lamp and began to to snawer. In the ball she encountered Paul Langford, just as another shot

rang out. Ge back, Miss Dale, he cried 'You hurriedly, but perchiptorily. You mustn't come. I am afraid there has

She looked at him. It hurt, that

A light shore from the window across been aroused by the nearness of the way. He was still at work, then pistol shots. Doors were thrown open, e ought not to sit up so late. Voices demanded the menning of the owner he was looking so worn out disturbance. Putting his arm around disturbance. Putting his arm around the trembling girl, Langford hastened across the street with her. At the door of Gordon's office he pansed. 'I will go in first, Louise. You stay

> He spoke authoritatively, but she stipped in ahead of him. Her arms fell softly over the bowed shoulders. Her cheek dropped to the dark, grav-streaked hair. There was little change. streaked hair. There was little change, seemingly. The form was only a little more relaxed, the attitude only a little more belpless. It seemed as if he might have been sleeping. There was a sound, a faint drip, drip, drip, in the room. It was steady, monotonous, like drops falling from rain pipes after the storm is over. Laugford opened the due:

> "Dec! Doe Lockhart! Some one send Doe over here quick! Gordon's office! Be quick about it!" he cried, in a loud, firm voice. Then he closed the door and locked it. In response to his call footsteps were heard running. The door was tried. Then came loud brooking and locked its send running. knocking and voices demanding ad

wounded man whispered gropingly. It required much effort to say this little, wounded man whispered gropingly. It required much effort to say this little, and a shadow of pain fell over his face. "Hush, Dick, dear boy," said Langford, with a catch in his voice. "You're all right now, but you musn't talk. You're too weak. We are going to move you across to the hotel. "But what happened?" he insisted. "You were shot, you know, Dick.

"You were shot, you know, Dick. Keep quiet, now! I'm going for a stretcher."
"Am I done for?" the weak voice

kept on. But there was no fear in it.
You will be if you keep on talking

Obeying a sign from the doctor, he slipped away and out. Gordon closed his eyes and was still for a long time. His rice was white and drawn with suffering

suffering.
"Has he fainted?" whispered Louise.
"Has he fainted?" whispered Louise. The eyes opened quickly. They fell spon Louise, who had not time to draw away. The shadow of the old, sweet smile came and hovered around his lips.

"Louise," he whispered.
"Yes, it is I," she said, laying her hand lightly on his forehead. "You

meant it when she said it.

"Come here, close to me, Louise,"
said Gordon in a low voice. He had
forgotten the doctor. "You had better
—I'll get up if you don't. Closer still.
I want you to—kiss me before Paul
gets back." Louise grew whiter. She glanced

hesitatingly at the doctor, timidly at the new lover in the old man. Then she bent over him where he lay stretched on the floor and kissed him on the lips. A great light came into his eyes before he closed them contentedly and slipped into unconscious-

Langford rounded up Jim Munson Langford rounded up Jim Munson and sent him aeross with a stretcher, and then ran upstairs for an extra blanket off his own bed. It was bitterly cold, and Dick must be well wrapped. On the upper landing he encountered Mary alone. Something in her desolate attitude stopped him.

"What's the matter, Mary?" he demanded, seizing her hands.

"Nothing," she answered, dully.
"How is he?"

"All right, I trust and pray, but

hurt terribly, wickedly.

He did not quite understand. Did she love Gordon? Was that why she looked so heart broken? Tasking her face in his two hands, he compelled

her to loke at him straight.
''Now tell me.' he said.
'Did I kill him?' she asked.
''Kill whom?'

riotous love in him trembled on his

riotous tongue.

'Did IT' she persisted.

'God grant you did,' he said, selemnly. 'There is blood outside the window, but he is gone.'

'I don't like to kill people,' she said, brokenly. 'Why do I nlways said, brokenly, "Why do I always have to do it?". He drew her to him strongly and held

her close against his breast.

'You are the bravest and best girl on earth,' he said. 'My girl; you are my girl, you know. Hereafter I will do all necessary killing for—my wife.'

He kissed the sweet, quivering lips as he said it.

Some one was running up the stairs.

and stopped suddenly in front of the

two in the passage.
"Why Jim." cried Laugford in sur-prise. "I thought you had gone with prise. the stretcher."

"I did go," said Jim, swallowing hard. He shifted nervously from one spurred foot to the other. "But I came back."

He looked at Langford beseechingly. "Boss, I want to see you a minute, ef.—Mary don't mind."
"I will come with you, Jim, now,"

said Langford with quick apprehension. "Mary"—Jim turned away and stated unseeingly down the staircase— "go back to your room for a little while. I will call for you soon. Keep

"Yes, it is 1," she said, laying her hand lightly on his forehead. "You must be good until Paul gets back."

"I'm done for, so the rest of the criminal calendar will have to go over. You can go back to—God's country—sooner than you thought."

"I'am not going back to—God's country—'I'am not going back to—God's country," said Louise, unexpectedly. She had not meant to say it, but she meant it when she said it.

"Come here, close to me, Louise."

"They—hope he won't die, Mary, girl. Your father's shot bad, but he

girl. Your father's shot bad, but he ain't dead. We think Black did it after he run from Gordon's office. We found him on the corner.'

Langford squared his broad shoulders.

then put strong, protecting arms around Mary. Now was he her all.
'Come, my darling, we will go to him together.

him together."

She pushed him from her violently.

"I will go alone. Why should you come? He is mine. He is all I have—there is no one else. Why don't you go? You are big and strong; can't you make that man suffer for my father's murder? Jim, take me to him."

She seized the cowboy's arm, and went out together, and on down

the stairs.

Langford stood still a moment, fellowing them with his eyes. His face was white. He bent his head. Jim, looking back, saw him thus, the dull the stairs. looking back, saw him thus the dull light from the hall lamp falling upon "Nothing," she answered, dully, the bent head and the yellow hair. When Langford raised his head his face, though yet white, bore an expression with twinking the state of the sion of concentrated determination. He, too, strode quickly down the

[To Be Continued.]

Users of Quick Shine Shoe Polish "Now tell me." he said.
"Did I kill bim?" she asked.
"Kill whom?"
"Why him—Jesse Black.!"
Then he understood.
"Mary, my girl, was it you? Were those last shots yours?" All the



'How far is it to Cairo?' asked a wayfarer of an intelligent Sheik, who was subming himself at the door of his tent. 'The camel knows but two gaits,' replied the son of the desert, 'so, if my brother walks his beast at the rate of sax miles an hour, he will be an hour late for the Alexandria heat, while if he trots him at the rate of twelve miles an hour, there will be an hour to spare for devotions and refreshments, so lab!' How far was the pilgrim from Cairo?

Solution to ferryboat puzzle.—In regard to that ferryboat problem as the idea being to show how to get an answer by elementary kindergarten arithmetic we call attention to the fact that when they first meet that the combined distance traveled is equal to the width of the river, and that the slow boat has gone just 720 yards. When both boats land, the distance traveled is, of course, twice the width of the river, so it is obvious that each boat has gone three times as far as when they first met and had made but one width. The slow boat had gone but 720 yards, so it has now gone three times that distance, viz., 2.160 yards, and has made one trip and 400 yards, therefore all the arithmetic we have to do is to subtract 400 yards from 2,160 yards to find that the river is 1.760 yards, just one mile wide.

Woman's Nightmare

No woman's happlness can be complete without children; it is her nature to love and want them as much so as

it is to love the

beautiful and pure. The critical ordest through which the expectant mother must pass, however, is so fraught with dread, pain, suffering and danger. that the very thought of it fills her with apprehension and horror, There is no necessity for the reproduction of life to be either painful or dangerous. The use of Mother's Friend so prepares the system for the coming event that it is safely passed without any danger. This great and wonderful

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"Does your nose dis-charge?"
"Is your nose sore and tender?"
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"Do you hawk to clear the throat?"
"Is your throat dry in the morning?"
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THE BRONCHIAL TUBES.

TUBES.

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"Do you raise frothy materials?"
"Do you spit up little cheesy lumps?"
"Do you feel you are growing weaker?"

Don't risk neglet these warnings—step disease before it rea the lungs. OF THE EARS.

Catarth extends from the throat along the culti-chian tubes into the ear causing partial or com-plete dearners. Quick-rived with little cost b. Drs. Shores' famo-treatment. "Is your hearing fall-ing." 'Do your cars d

"Do your cars distinger"
"Is the wax drying it your ears."
"Do you hear being tome days then other?"
"Is your hearing now when your hearing and your hearing is irreau andy destroyed. OF THE STOMACH

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